Title = Storybro's Sweet Dreams

This is the third, and final big tale of "Storybro's" life. This is also the google document, a rough, sharp-edged draft of what the story should be. I doubt I'm skilled enough to truthfully hone it to the point it deserves, but i'll give it my all, because it's what it deserves.
This will be the happy tale of the two, trigger warnings: smiles, laughter and everything ending beautifully. If you pick this story just remember that the other one is non-canon fanfiction trash and isn't worth your time.

If you're here and didn't go through the blog page to get here, it means someone's made a choice for you! Ignore them and **go here first!**

Links!

For those of you seeking the first story (and looking to start the adventure) Go here.
-Wordpress Site -Has various wiki pages and oodles of history about the stories. Also has links to anything you'll possibly need to get started, including snippets not available on the documents.

-Sweet Dreams Blog Page - This is the main page for this story. All chapters will be posted as-written here. Commentary strongly encouraged on-blog as it's a far nicer system than the one here.

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Update #1 - November 26th 2014

>Footsteps on the sidewalk, that's where we're starting.
>I'm still 17, yet my last real adventure was a speck in my memory considering everything that's happened to me.
>All unimportant.
>What we got now, is boots.
>Her boots.
>Silly almost cowboy style workboots clopping along as they hit the pavement.
>My hand in hers as she tugged me, almost tumbling along behind her.
>This is the first time i've held her hand, since then.
>The clomping dull thud of each step as she pulled me along.
>Her fingers, gripping around my own so tightly it was as if she was scared to let go.
>As if the mere chance of letting me slip could mean she would lose me again, but this time forever.
>I'd love to pretend i was smiling
>As i followed her down some road i'd never seen before, in a city of ruins
>But it's like the moment had nothing for emotional weight.
>Or as if the emotions had passed away, long ago and would never return.
>Maybe that was fitting as she pulled me along in this dead city
>Ignoring how happy i should have been, for reasons i couldn't be. I set my attention on the world around me.
>Houses shambling, cracking and collapsing husks of the few streetlights that had survived the storm, or the streets that had been repaired.
>On each house, every single one
>An "X" with four symbols
>3-505/9-11/Ext/0
>That's what they usually said, Sometimes an "NE" on the right, and other times it was just blank.
>I'd learned what these symbols meant on the way in to town, asking my grandfather
>And the explanation was chilling.
>"These are what the media never shows"... "The background in a disaster" "They tell you when a search team encountered the house, what they did..."

>"...And if you ever see them put a number at the bottom of the X"
>"How many bodies they found."
>This was probably a ghetto, i don't doubt it by the looks of many of these homes, even before i'm sure they were ruined..
>And i know walking along in the middle of the night, specially alone
>unarmed with a teenage girl.
>That would be suicide in a place like this.
>But not here, this neighborhood was empty
>They never came back after the city drowned.

>Maybe that's why i couldn't smile
>Even though the person i'd desperately wanted to contact me, break out of her shell and into mine for half a year.
>Even though she was currently holding my hand, her hair so dark it was an extension of the shadows themselves.
>Surrounded by a starry sky that was yet unbroken by the cityglow that would undoubtedly return.
>Stars, planets and shining galaxies that no human could have seen from where we were walking, even only a couple years ago.
>I didn't feel anything through that hand she was holding
>Not a thing
>Just cold, and numbness
>Nothing for the girl pulling, and nothing for where we were going.
>Looking over at the houses, it's only then i felt anything
>A pang as we walked past one, the bottom of the X carefully marked
>"DB 2"

>Then? The Tiniest of hills
>Only a little incline, and suddenly everything was better
>The smell vanished, the one permeating the entire city
>Mold, disarray, and death, the entire city smelled like it.
>But here, it was simply less.
>Houses were lived in, lights were on, cars weren't waterlogged ruined messes, and water damage seemed confined to only a couple feet high.
>Houses had fresh coats of paint, and only a couple of those crosses were visible.
>That's where Raven led me, eventually to a little block of two story houses, hers seemingly tucked away within.
>I remmember the block, i'd been here before, with her.
>Years and Years ago.
>She didn't let me capture those faint memories as she tugged me to the porch of one of the houses.
>Never letting go, not once, or turning back.
>She placed her left hand on top of her right, rotated my wrist, released one and grasped the

other.
>Just like that she'd changed which hand she was holding me with.
>All without letting go
>Just so she could reach in a pocket and grab her keys, unlock the door and pull me inside.

>The bottom floor was dark
>Dusty tables seemed stacked in every room, sheets covering chairs, boxes, and various things neatly stacked on top of them.
>Kneeling down, there was nothing on the floor, just table legs holding everything up as far as it could go.
>"They don't use the downstairs rights now" Raven chimed in to my curiosity and stalling
>Answering the question i was asking without words or saying anything.
>It was obvious why as she pulled me up the stairs, one hand on the banister practically hauling me forward.
>The bottom four steps were completely ruined, marred, waterlogged, scuffed and ugly to look at.
>Then steps 5+, beautiful oak panels that shone dimly in the stairway light.
>Lovingly polished, waxed, and worn down through generations of scuffing shoes and feet.
>Maybe that exemplified some sort of contrast, the world she was pulling me from, and the world she was pulling me into.
>Maybe that's the kind of bullshit that only exists when you make it related after the fact
>Poetic comparisons only exist in retrospect

>Our story truly starts when she pulls me to the landing at the top of the stairs, and opens the door
>Into a second story living room
>Carpet, Two couches, a TV, a warm glow.
>Her Aunt, Uncle and Grandmother sitting comfortably, watching evening programming on a TV.
>A Glass of wine each, and all of them obviously in bed-ready nightclothes
>What do you think they'd do?
>All of them looked up absolutely startled
>That split second you have to guess everyone's reaction before they actually react.
>I realized that i was a stranger, intruding.
>Raven was a guest, and she'd just pulled me along and brought me inside.
>Faint memories told me i'd seen the grandmother, and maybe the uncle before.
>But i didn't remember names, and i doubt they remembered me.
>Not really an excuse anyway.
>The Teenage girl that was visiting just pulled a boy they probably didn't remember into their living room unannounced.
>That, is never not drama.
>The uncle jumped to his feet first, even though the aunt broke that hushed surprised silence
>"I thought you were in the other room alseep!"
>Shrill, that almost panicked kind of realization you just let your sister's daughter out of your

sight and she's gone off and done something terrible.
>Well i mean she probably set fire to some abandoned houses on the way , but nothing that serious aunt-raven.
>I didn't answer, wasn't my place
>I shouldn't even be there, but i stood quietly, staring back. Feeling sorry for myself if anything.
>The uncle had moved himself around the coffee table, and was walking over towards us.
>His eyes firmly set on me, and maybe i should have been scared, or frightened or something.
>The guy was either Military or Ex, he had the soldier crew-cut hair and the army fatigues and boots in the corner told me everything i needed to know.
>Probably been to iraq
>That he'd probably kick my ass for... something
>Anything?
>The way i was feeling, i doubt i would even complain

>I don't know your luck with military guys, but mine is way too good
>Maybe it's just stereotypes or something, because her Uncle just stuck out his hand and said "Nice to meet ya, i don't think we've been introduced"
>Why are they always so nice?
>The Aunt was going on about something
>The words "Bringing home boys at all hours of the morning" and "You're just like your mother!" seem to be included
>So the usual, relatives dramatically reacting to things
>It was just noise, i shook the uncles hand and didn't introduce myself
>Forgot the important step of "My name is <>, nice to meet you!"
>Raven noticed
>Did it for me, introduced me calmly "This is <My Name>"
>Then a pause, as if letting it sink in
>Everyone in the room shut up, even the aunt. The grandmother put on a wide smile and the uncle raised his eyebrows.
>Maybe i was famous, who knows
>But she told them quietly
>Turning to me, her green eyes glimmering and focusing on mine
>"He needs a safe place to stay"

>The uncle seemed logical, he asked where i came from
>As if i'd have to had miraculously appeared out of thin air to be here right now
>Maybe i had
>Raven just told him "Somewhere worse than here" and he seemed to accept that
>The Aunt had the oddest reaction.
>She just sat there and said my name outloud "The <Storybro>?"
>That was kinda worrying
>Maybe i was famous
>Or maybe i was just a topic commonly brought up in her family

>Looking back, that probably makes the most sense.
>The Grandmother did what all grandmothers do.
>"Oh my gosh you're all grown up! Last time i saw you, you were This big!"
>The obligatory hand gestures with her palm down as far down as she could go.
>Grandparents just love to remind you they've seen you when you were a midget
>[spoiler]I don't trust it, gives them power over you[/spoiler]
>Grandma-Raven strutted past the rest of the onlookers and took her time fretting over me.
>"Oh you must be cold!"
>"Are you Hungry?!"
>"How have you been?!"
>"How's your mother doing?"
>"How are you doing in school?"
>I lied, told her i wasn't hungry
>Told her i wasn't chilled to the bone.
>To which she responded "Nonsense" and ushered me over to a nearby dining table, fretting around in the kitchen.
>Even though it's a rather small one upstairs.
>Her lie detector obviously still perfectly in-tact
>I answered her questions, one word or two sometimes until i had a hot bowl of steaming gumbo spooned onto a rewarmed bed of rice.
>Louisiana, BEST FOOD.
>Spicy Okra, Scallops, Shrimp, it was delicious.
>Even if i just picked at it
>It warmed my mouth up with the spices, and maybe my fingers and toes weren't numb anymore.
>But i was still cold, in too many ways to count.

>Raven off in the other room, i heard the whole conversation.
>They were talking about me, clarifying things, making sure they knew who i was.
>Raven... she explained
>Skipped all the important bits
>Every single fucking one
>About how she hadn't seen me in months
>Didn't mention she had no clue what my feelings were
>That i hadn't said a word, beside telling her i didn't love her anymore.
>Why that was, what she'd done.
>Where she found me.
>What i was doing.
>Why that it was simply better off that way.
>And most importantly that as soon as she let me out of her sight
>I would probably go back.
>No, that got skipped
>And instead she made it sound like she'd found a pet from another city that she'd long lost

>An adorable stray that'd had adventures without her traveling the country, and on finding him she was overjoyed.
>A family member reconnected.
>The question of keeping him not even mentioned, because it wasn't a question.
>She was happy
>Smiling, cheery, bubbly, animated with her hands and storytelling as she explained just how great friends we were.
>They bought it
>Fools

>Sleeping arrangements became a topic
>Raven of course just offers her own bed "He can sleep with me..."
>Calmly as if it was nothing
>It wasn't nothing, not to them.
>The aunt throws up her hands
>"Thats Unladylike!"
>And "That's not happening in this house!"
>I think the uncle was required by marriage law to agree with her.
>Raven putting her foot down
>"It's fine! Really! He just needs-
>She doesn't get a chance to finish, the grandmother has scurried off to be a part of the conversation.
>"Listen Hun-"
>She starts
>"I'm sure you two are cute as bunnies, but it's rather impolite to make him share a bed with you when he's in as right a state as he is"
>Grandma-Raven, +1 to her noticing skills
>Raven shuts up, doesn't even respond
>Just stares, turning her head to me
>Still staring at the long since empty plate of gumbo, pretending i'm not listening.
>Pretending i don't care.
>I'm pretty obvious huh.

>Grandma instructs uncle to get out the inflatable mattress, sheets, pillows, extra fluffy things for guests
>I guess i'm sleeping in the living room
>Care? Zero, i ignore them and get up to wash the dish she served me on.
>I'm not sure if you've ever been in that kind of situation where your thoughts just don't really work
>Mine were off
>Don't really want to be here
>Or stay the night, but it's not like i had a choice
>So i quietly washed that dish, far past spotless

>Until raven pulled me away from rubbing my fingers raw
>Her hand on the phone, a conversation with someone
>"Yeah! I've got him! It's fine!""
>"Sure! He's staying here!"
>And then "Thank you..."
>A drone off as her eyes meet mine, and she hangs up.
>Maybe it was her mother, who knows, she drags me away.
>To her room
>"Door Stays Open!" as the aunt put it.
>It just pissed me off as they went back to watching TV and drinking wine
>That Raven had people like this, happy, normal in her life
>And i thought she was suffering the entire time
>The only part that made it better was thinking she was hurting too
>Now that just gashed away at everything i had left
>Because my family was nothing like this, not anymore.
>As she sat me down, pulled out a laptop and started showing me things
>Excitedly acting as if we just hadn't seen one another in a long while
>As if we just had catching up to do.
>I didn't respond much, if at all
>I'm sure she noticed
>I hated her.

>Uncle pops in after a while
>"Hate to do this to ya, but i gotta split you two up, girl's rules"
>He lets Raven tuck herself in, turns off the light and closes her door before leading me away to the living room.
>The "Girls" must already be in bed, because he shows me to my bed, asks me if i need anything, shows me where the sink is, where to get water, makes sure i know where the bathroom is, ect.
>He's pretty nice about it all, before making sure i'm comfortable on the mattress and turning out the light.
>But
>Before he goes, just a whispered statement in the darkness
>"Just make sure you're sleeping here in the morning, or the girls will freak."
>Clever
>I get his hint
>Uncle-Raven is a bro, but
>I don't plan to be here in the morning, so i'm sure they'll freak either way.
>Closing my eyes, i pretend to sleep
>Accidentally do the real thing, i hate when that happens.

>I grumble out of sleep hours later.
>Pitch black room

>A startled moment as i've forgotten where i am, before remembering, and sitting bolt upright.
>One thought
>I don't want to be here.
>Throwing off the covers, that thought drives my actions
>I'm leaving
>Almost surprised Raven hasn't crawled into bed with me
>Not that it matters.
>Shoes, i remember where i've put them in the darkness, that's really all i need as i force them on.
>I contemplate
>Maybe just for a moment, saying goodbye.
>Or maybe just for a shorter instant, waking her up to do it.
>But there's no point
>It doesn't matter, i don't care and she soon won't as i stumble across the room.
>To the door
>Going back to where i came from.
>Where i belong.
>Entry to the staircase, and i fumble for the knob, before twisting and giving a good pull
>It doesn't budge, not even a little bit
>Stuck
>Or something, so i pull again, and again
>The door wiggles, just a bit, but seems to be locked somewhere
>Somewhere i can't find as i search blindly, checking for deadbolts
>If only it was that easy
>Someones hand
>From somewhere in the darkness, comes out and grabs my ankle
>The usual, skeletons coming to take me away to my demise
>Ect ect.
>I'd scream like a little girl if i didn't realize right that moment.
>That raven was sitting against the door, probably asleep.
>And that she knew me better than i gave her credit for.

Because of fairly elaborate reasons, i'm heavily on the the edge contemplating for, or against threads for these last stories. Because of the complications involved, all i can note is that we'll try them out and see what happens. Staggered threads seems the most logical way to do it. As such ***Sweet Dreams will have an R9k thread at 8:00 PST Sunday November 30th.***
The link to this thread will be posted here when the time comes.

Update #2 : November 30th

https://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14942725/

>So what?
>Right?
>That hand, a grasping clench of the material of my jeans.
>A soft tug on my leg.
>Me, standing in the pitch black living room of some family i didn't belong to, and didn't deserve the invitation to stay with.
>All i wanted to do
>All i deserved to do
>Was leave
>And here was this stupid obstacle
>Nothing worse than trying to sneak out in the middle of the night, and finding there's someone in your way
>Intentionally sleeping in front of the door.
>I didn't really have any thoughts about it, besides... disgust.
>Disappointment, and that overwhelming sense of failure, that i couldn't even run away properly.
>So, i growled, her name
>"Raven..."
>Intent clear, i wanted her to let go, move, and leave me the fuck alone.
>All in one word.

>We all know her by now though.
>Hard headed, harder than me most the time
>Guess why neither of us have talked, for months?
>She gripped my leg harder, squeezed, and another firmer tug.
>It said "Stay"
>The last thing i was interested in doing.
>I thought about it.
>Not that choice, though, all the others.
>She had my foot, i could probably just pull it back and kick her.
>That's what i wanted to do
>Over and over, she was against the door so she'd never be able to move out of the way, take every blow.
>Shoe to the gut
>That's what i did in my head
>Kick after kick
>She'd cry, or maybe yell out for help from another room.
>But all i'd have to do is kick until she wouldn't resist, drag her away from the door and leave.
>I could outrun the uncle, and aunts, easily, then that would be it.
>She didn't matter, i kept telling myself that as i seriously contemplated pulling my knee back and striking at the silent figure.
>But worse, my mind, it didn't stop at her no longer resisting.

>My anger, hatred for the woman extended past that, to kicking until she couldn't cry anymore.
>Leaving her a gasping, bloody, heaving heap.
>She hadn't said a single word
>I went through the entire scenario in my head, every sickening detail.
>The sounds she would make, cries.
>The muffled crunches if i hit her in the ribs, and the simple force and impact her head would make against the wooden door.
>That's not just a vivid imagination
>I was considering it.

>A psychiatrist would call them intrusive thoughts.
>A polite name they tend to call them for the sake of normal people
>Because calling them anything else would scare anyone sick, so its a neutered name to give them hope it's something inconsequential.
>Momentary lapses into what-ifs.
>Sick, Twisted, Vile, Dangerous. From beating someone to a bloody pulp, to taking a hard right turn into oncoming traffic. The idea of wanting to just see what will happen.
>They happen daily, or maybe once a week, an idea through your head that you have to shake loose, that you can't let take hold.
>A reckless disregard for not only yourself, but in the game you're imagining playing, Murder, Rape, Torture... somehow the value of others is absent.
>They reflect a person that they're scared of being, that they never want to be. Someone that's unnaturally evil.
>They're not insane, not really
>They're psychopathic
>Those are the thoughts that a true psychopath acts out on a whim, because they're what-ifs.
>And without other people having value, why not see what happens?
>The only thing between "Intrusive thoughts" And "Psychopath" is a strong moral guide.
>And if you've noticed, i don't just have those thoughts.
>A couple times in my life, i've told you about them, the bloody gory detail of many.
>The odd few occasions i've acted them out.
>And if you've noticed, My moral compass?
>Kinda been getting weaker and weaker.
>So i went through the entire scenario in my head
>And pulled my foot back for the first strike.

>I just wanted to leave
>And hurting her was the easiest way out.
>I keep telling myself that, over and over, as if it made it any better.
>as my boot pulled back
>Her hand clenched my other leg , just that tad bit more tightly
>And a whimper, from her, or me, i'll never figure out.
>As if she knew what i was going to do.

>That whimper is everything i remember about that moment
>The sounds were what did it
>Imagining the sounds again.
>As a shockwave of cold sweat seemed to instantaneously drip down my spine.
>Inside, and out, i suddenly felt sick
>Revulsion, Disgusted... with myself.
>If vomiting was an option, that would have been where everything in my stomach would have gone.
>Because there was no excuse
>Until that very second, that change of mind.
>I was going to do it
>A clop of the boot, hitting the floor again limply as everything i was, lost cohesion
>And i leaned into the door, headfirst, eyes to the floor, slouching
>Dark enough i couldn't make out anyone below me.
>And probably crying
>Dripping tears that nobody would ever see.

>Raven, i don't think she knew.
>I couldn't believe something like that.
>She didn't say a word, quietly holding on
>Somehow knowing i didn't want her to speak, or maybe just not knowing what to say.
>Not knowing just how close i really was to the final straw, some kind of psychotic break.
>And how she, with the tiniest sound had brought me away from that ever inching closer cliff of being a true psychopath.
>I still haven't told her. Never to this day.
>My hands stopped working, holding on to the doorknob
>The click as the tension against the spring released, and the locking mechanism returned to neutral.
>Her soft breathing in the darkness
>A shuffle, a wrap, and two arms squeezing around my knees in a sideways hug.
>She had no clue, absolutely none.
>At just how tightly she was squeezing a murderer.

>She broke that silence.
>Three words, unexpected, just like everything she ever said.
>"I Hate you"
>Dripping quietly, each syllable,with venom.
>She meant it
>Good
>Because that makes two of us.
>I really fucking hate me too.
>"You were really going to leave, without saying anything..."
>Her voice echoing with that practiced cry of a kitten

>Evolved over hundreds of years to pluck the strings of the human heart
>An organ i was missing at the moment it seems.
>Because there's nothing in my voice.
>"Yeah? And?"
>Almost forcibly calm, with not a hint of anything expressed.
>I think, it unnerved her
>She squeezed tighter, her hands obvious points of squeezing pressure.
>"I reach out, i finally break through and you were just going to THROW IT AWAY"
>Her voice, tones quickly distressed.
>Yet practiced
>That's always the trick, as she continues.
>"You DIDN'T even TRY to make up with me"
>Tears, real or fake, i can hear them accompanying it.
>The tonal changes as her nose stuffs up, the sniffle at the end, the tighter squeeze.
>Emotions as a weapon, always
>Truth be told, it was entirely bullshit.

>I'd tried plenty, i'd given up more.
>And notice the specific words she uses, placing the blame niftily on my shoulders.
>As if she was entirely willing to pretend it was all my fault
>It was bullshit, and maybe i finally knew it.
>Even if she was a tenuous wire between me and complete batshit insanity, maybe that's why i'd broken my heart and decided not to love her anymore.
>As if that was a conscious decision.
>My words were though
>"You weren't worth it"
>Easy enough to say
>The effect, almost visible, a glint of suffering in the darkness.
>She could feel the weight of that, the meaning i left behind it as she let go.
>Slumped, away from the door, stopped blocking my path entirely
>My Hands, they worked again, as i opened the wall of wood between me and freedom, and slipped out.
>Didn't make it too far
>Top of the landing, top step, before i fumbled out my hands to find a seat, and promptly slumped against the wall.
>That was the problem with her, every single fucking time.
>Why i decided i couldn't be with her anymore, even if she'd given me the chance.

>Women they just always did that.
>Tell you no but mean something else entirely.
>When you tell them you're going to the store, you ask them what they'd like.
>When they tell you "Hmm...." and drone off into "Nothing"
>Then you nod and leave, they really want you to get them something.

>But they can't tell you
>It's a game, a reaffirmation that you truly love them, and remember what they want.
>Hidden disappointment when you arrive back without whatever it was, a silly food or snack they always enjoy but never want to tell you to get.
>When they tell you "Sure" but mean "You can but i'll be annoyed if you do"
>Or when they run away, crying.
>Telling you screaming that they never want you to talk to them again
>And the entire way, as they let out tears
>They're secretly hoping you'll follow them.
>That's what Raven did, and now we were on the "YOU DIDN'T CHASE AFTER ME" phase.
>When i tell you i didn't want to love her anymore
>Can you blame me?

>Minutes later, maybe three, as i sat there staring down the dimly lit stairwell
>The windows near the bottom letting glimpses of moonlight in, enough to see at most.
>Contemplating my next action, slumped against the wall and drained of all intent, all effort i'd had so sure of myself before.
>I hear behind me, the quiet click.
>A barely audible creak as the door opens inward, and the shuffle as someone exits.
>No doubt raven, to follow me
>She doesn't make it that far, in her hurry she misses me entirely, and stumbles right into my back.
>If it weren't for quick reactions, my hand on her stomach propping her up, shoving her back.
>Lighter, so much lighter than i remembered her to be.
>She would have tumbled over me, and down the stairs headfirst.
>My fault, i'm sure.
>As is everything around here.
>My fingers lingering on her waist, uncomfortable contact.
>I set her down, and away
>Sitting at the top of the step, nothing more than a few quiet oomphfs as it happens.
>I guess she's not nearly as surprised as i want her to be, because she prods me with her shoe
>And quietly whispers
>"I had to get my knife"

>That simple sentence, it brought such a smile to my face
>Even in that darkness
>Threatening to stab me again, oh raven, losing your marbles at last?
>Yandere in our last moments?
>The thought of her finally stabbing me brought more giggles to my mind than fear.
>Maybe i know women, maybe i understand how all the little things work, and how they manipulate you and try to get under your skin.
>But i guess not Raven.
>She blurted really

>"I didn't mean it!"
>Then a hurried retraction
>"I mean i did, but i didn't..."
>I didn't have anything to say to her, so i just let her talk.
>"I hated you, because you didn't try harder, you should have just come over, broken in and tied me down until i'd stopped being..."
>...
>She left it there
>ended as if i knew
>But i didn't, not really
>She maybe got the hint with my silence, or maybe she was just working up the courage to say it.
>"STUPID!"
>She nearly yells, i'm sure even the neighbors nextdoor heard.
>Quieter, in everything but tone, she lists "I was an idiot, hardheaded, too proud to admit i was wrong, and i just thought you were going..."
>She doesn't really finish that train of thought
>Starting another instead

>"I was pretending... Everything you see is a forced lie... everyone thinks i'm so happy"
>Hiding it
>Maybe that makes sense, to why she seems so happy, yet distant this entire time.
>Why i was so angry at her, her lie was all i was seeing.
>"I... didn't have a gadget, so all i could do was pretend"
>...):
>That one hurt, and i realized what was coming next.
>"I... was selfish"
>But that's not what i thought it was, not an apology.
>Nope
>"I am... selfish, so i won't... let you leave..."
>It's a possessive threat.
>10/10
>Girl of the year
>You can actually hear her thinking about it, ever pause, deciding if she should say the next words or not.
>But i guess technically she did say she was angry at me for letting her be an idiot and push me away.
>So it's still my fault, but it's kinda shared.
>Eh
>That's probably the best i'm going to get huh.
>I don't answer, or respond to her, not a word.
>Even when she scooted over, clutching my arm, squeezing it tightly against her own stomach.
>Silently pleading with me to forgive her, or just not leave.

>I didn't technically do the first one
>Fell asleep actually, leaning against that wall, thinking about what i should do in that darkness.
>Her, holding my arm tightly, not letting go.

>That's how i woke up, technically
>Well, more so to the Aunt Screaming bloody murder.
>I mean i guess i followed the Uncle's rules, they found me in my own bed.
>Someone *Cough* i wonder who, probably dragged me in.
>That someone was also spooning me from behind, as evidenced by the locks of short black hair trawling over my shoulder.
>The warmth at my back.
>I could lie and say i cared, felt at peace, warm, happy and finally at rest with this entire ordeal.
>But i didn't really, didn't feel a damn thing.
>But that aunt did, woke up the entire household, shrieking and shouting about how we were defiling her home or something.
>So the usual.
>Brought the uncle, and grandmother in scuffling
>Judgemental stares, all directed at me, along with yelling.
>Demanding i get up, explain myself.
>The uncle really
>Just giving me that look
>"Dude i warned ya man, i told ya, why didn't you listen man"
>That quiet creed of males everywhere.

>I untangled myself, i guess i was the only one of us two willing to not pretend to be asleep.
>Sat up, blankets falling to either side as i realized just how cold the house was
>Just how early it was, the aunt must have been up for an early morning wee or something.
>I'd slept in my shoes, and i think raven had too.
>Those silly cowboy boots.
>Except i was in full clothing, and she just had pajamas.
>A cotton yellow shirt and sweatpants.
>Probably what she was going to follow me outside in.
>Probably why the entire household demanded i explain why i'd just broken that mainstay rule of no hankey pankey.
>I kinda ignored them
>Yawned, at my own pace, stood up and slouched to the makeshift kitchen.
>They all followed, as i plopped myself down in a chair, entirely unsure what i'd even say.
>As if i could say anything, telling them "nothing happened" was worthless, that never helps.
>Really, out of the three stares, i think the Aunt was the only one angry
>The Grandmother didn't seem to care as much as get fuzzy eyes reminiscing when she saw us, and the uncle was probably fine as long as his wife didn't know.

>So i figure
>Hell with it
>Tell em the truth
>"We aren't really friends"
>"We broke up last summer"
>"She's trying to fix everything between us, and i'm probably not going to let her"
>"I tried to leave, last night and she stopped me, slept against the door and dragged me back to bed."
>"She doesn't want to let me go"
>"So there's your answer"
>I know raven heard, in the other room.
>It's kinda like telling someone's mother you're gay so that they'll leave you and their daughter alone.
>The uncle's reaction was just depressing, his face brought on these sad qualities i'd swear were memories of his past relationships.
>The aunt didn't really react
>Stopped looking angry, just looked quiet.
>The grandmother, she frowned, then pressed her lips together and gave me a stern look.
>Then shooed the aunt and uncle away, both of which vanished as if they were children themselves.
>Grandmothers, magic i tell ya.
>Except for this one, she was angry at me.
>Quietly, her eyes, a green so dark it could be black.
>They flashed in that way i knew too well.
>She held up a single finger, and told me
>Told me that i was going to stay, for as long as Raven wanted, that i was welcome.
>And that, in no uncertain terms
>I was going to let her try.
>Because last night, when she'd brought me in.
>Smiling, giddy, and laughter.
>Was the happiest she's been in weeks.
>And grandmothers... they just can tell these things.
>She turned me around, sent me off back to my bed
>That elder authority that you just blindly follow without question.
>And i got in without complaint, pulled back over the sheets.
>As raven's arms, they found me and wrapped tight.
>She wasn't sleeping of course, just pretending, and she'd heard everything.
>I expected a pinch
>But all she gave me was a quiet hug as i forced myself back to sleep.

Update Completed. Blog Page will be up shortly. Direct comments there, or the thread if it's still alive. Or wherever you want to put them (we don't care as long as you comment!)
Next Sweet Dreams Update planned December 3rd Wednesday 8:00 PM (pst).

Update #3 : December 3rd

https://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14997963

>That's where I found me the next morning.
>No screaming to wake up to, no yelling from the aunt or uncle.
>I mean they were up, i smelled coffee.
>That wafting fragrance that always rouses you from sleep with its tempting allure.
>But they suddenly didn't care that we were sleeping together, or maybe the grandmother had talked to them, said something or other.
>Maybe my heartwarming speech of cold i-could-not-give-a-shit had broken something too.
>Didn't matter.
>She was still here
>Wrapped with her arms around my stomach, a soft grasp clutching my back to her chest.
>Guess she was spooning me
>Not lightly either, grip like a damn iron clasp.
>Probably didn't want a repeat of me trying to sneak away, even in her dreams.
>I always wake up first though, she knew that.
>Two choices
>Pry myself loose and wake up with the household, or
>As i ended up doing
>Pretend to sleep, close my eyes and let her wake up first.
>Maybe, somewhere in my mind as i drift off into morning thoughts, i was pretending i was doing it for her.
>She wouldn't have that moment of panic as she awoke without me there after all.
>Those seconds of shock before she finds where i've gone off to.
>I wasn't, i really didn't care, no intention of giving the slightest bit of effort.
>I was just lazy, didn't want to get up.
>And the fact that she groaned awake, and squeezed me tightly first thing
>Nuzzled her warm nose into the crook of my neck and my shoulder
>It meant nothing to me.
>Nothing! You hear?!

>Still, she'd awoken, and maybe forgotten or entirely dismissed it. But there wasn't the tiniest comment about me still being asleep.
>Instead, those two hands squeezed and traveled to my shoulders, gently shaking me awake.
>An effort i had to pretend my best not to wake too quickly from, and not too slowly either.

>A Grand performance if you may.
>I expected her to push the envelope, a kiss good morning, or a soft cuddle.
>I was expecting, although not entirely anticipating it eagerly.
>For all i cared, all the physical contact seemed to be her idea, and i didn't care if i slept alone or not.
>I would have most definitely shoved her off right then and there if she'd tried to kiss me however.
>A kiss is a privilege, and she'd long lost hers.
>That's what happens when you forget to check up on it.
>She realized this, or was practicing restraint, or maybe just didn't really know what to do with me.
>Asleep i might have been cuddly and squeezable without argument.
>But awake , she knew i'd be a brooding moody asshole.
>Point proven as i rolled away, enough that even her hands on my shoulders lost contact.
>Without a syllable i sat up, and extracted myself to the bathroom.
>Left her wordlessly alone.
>A striking example of exactly how today would play out.

>Breakfast was awkward.
>Pancakes, one of grandma raven's specialties. Or so i was told.
>I complimented the food, and thanked her multiple times, but other than that i didn't strike up conversation at all.
>Raven seated herself comfortably first, right next to an empty chair over near the head of the table.
>I took the bait, and the seat entirely as far away from her as possible.
>I'd pretend nobody noticed, but i know they all did.
>Someone asked me how i slept
>Well they were about to, the words were all there, but they realized maybe at the last moment that the trivial nicety of asking a guest could be considered prying if there's two in the bed.
>Eventually other conversations started, ones i didn't involve myself in, and ones that i wasn't a part of.
>The aunt picked her words carefully, inquiring as i'd picked up the dishes of those nearest me and silently offered to clean them.
>Scrubbing away in the sink, she approached me.
>"So how long are you planning to stay with us?"
>It was intentionally neutral in tone, but her words said the same things i'd already guessed.
>"You" and "Us" She was subconsciously alienating me from that family, and there's no real polite way to ask that question anyway.
>In all cases it'll turn out rude, her asking me on how long i planned on staying even more so.
>But i wasn't offended
>I knew she didn't like me
>So i just told her what she wanted to hear "I'll be leaving after i wash these..."
>I was interrupting a family reunion, it was rude of me.

>I knew when i wasn't wanted.

>I figured i had nothing to lose with my first plan
>So i waited, grabbed more dishes and pretended to be busy until everyone on morning business; Raven off to her room for a change of clothes, the aunt to the loo, grandma to her room and the uncle who knows where.
>Until everyone was out of sight.
>Then i turned off the faucet, snuck over to my shoes, and god damnit
>I almost made it
>Hand on the doorknob to the stairs, and a male voice behind me
>The uncle
>"Leaving already?"
>Loud enough for everyone to hear.
>Obviously Grandma and Raven threw up exclamation alerts at this, and were out of the respective rooms in a flash.
>The aunt didn't come running though.
>AKA
>Fuck the uncle.

>Grandma got me first
>A molten metal glare
>It spoke volumes, brought about that tiny shred of guilt i still sheltered from losing entirely.
>"Don't you dare do this to my granddaughter"
>That's really all it had to say
>But it said that, and so much more.
>Burned so hot i had to force myself to ignore it.
>Raven arrived second, half dressed with only underwear and a new tank top on, ducked back into her room the second she'd seen what i was doing.
>Probably to throw on clothes and chase me down.
>Or modesty from the uncle, i don't know, i didn't care.
>I threw open the door and stepped out, entirely
>Quickly mounting the stairs downward in leaps and bounds, i'd pretty much escaped, out the front door and to the doorstep before someone's voice behind me yelled "Hold Up!"
>It wasn't raven
>It was a guy's voice.
>The Uncle, stomping down the stairs two at a time, seems to catch up to me effortlessly
>Or maybe i paused in surprise.
>Before i entirely escape, his hand is on my shoulder
>And he's not some flimsy twig, he's muscled, buff, and the fingers are digging so deeply into my ligaments that it actually hurts.
>He steers me out front, to a wooden loveseat on the porch, and forces me to sit.
>A command, and not even a suggestion, he quickly declares.
>"You and Me, we need to have a little talk"

>We can pretend he gave me some kind of heartfelt amazing wisdom or something
>But he really didn't
>He sat me down and gave me some kind of speech about honor and being manly and sticking around for people that need you because they rely on you or something.
>Really it was awful advice.
>But i guess he tried.
>Gold star for effort.
>About halfway into it, there was a tiny creak
>A gap in the front door
>Raven, obviously sneaking a watch
>She listened in for the entire thing.
>I just nodded my head and told the uncle "Yeah you're probably right"
>And started leaving anyway.
>He didn't catch my arm again in time, i ducked under that grasping hand, leaped down the front stairs and started off at a trot.
>Raven, i'm sure a black haired blur behind me, caught up nearly instantly.
>I expected as much
>But i didn't expect her to tell me "You're going the wrong direction"
>Ahh
>Yeah that was a problem too i guess.
>I had no clue where we'd come from.

>I guess we were at the top of a hill, but i wasn't really sure which way that hill started.
>Raven ran up alongside me and tried to take my arm, linking elbows or something.
>I didn't let her
>Not only didn't let her, i snapped my arm away, shoved her off and growled "DON'T touch me"
>probably called her a filthy casual too
>Loud enough the uncle heard, still standing there on the porch.
>Loud enough i'm sure the entire neighborhood. heard.
>She didn't bat an eye, just went for my arm again
>"Come on! We've been best friends for nine years, i'm not going to hurt you!"
>An asinine comment i'm sure sounded good in her head
>But i shot it down, with laughter
>"Not going to hurt me" i gasped out
>Giggling
>Jesus christ woman
>Get a fucking clue
>I yanked my arm away again, leaving her stationary, staring at my head as i walked away.
>I didn't expect a comeback from that one
>Not from her

>But she tried
>A desperate plea as i reached the 10 foot mark.
>"i said i was going to make it better!"

>"Yeah?" I chuckled
>Turning around on the spot, spinning on one heel to confront her
>"HOW?"
>Arms raised, both hands in the air, questioning so fucking intently
>Because from where i'm standing, there's absolutely nothing she can do to make me stop feeling like absolute shit.
>Because fuck it
>I'll grin at her
>That soulless heartless grin i always have for when everything's just oh-so-wrong.
>I could tell she was hurt.
>Her eyes were dim, dull, and her expression was simply two lips pursed together in thought.
>She took her time, as i stood there.
>Egging her on
>Daring her to give me a single reason she could fix me.
>Ends up
>That wasn't her goal at all
>"IT DOESN'T MATTER"
>A squealing shout, loud enough i'm sure the neighbors heard too
>Staring out windows to watch us, the two little drama queens on the sidewalk
>"BUT I HAVE TO, OK?"

>I asked her "Why?"
>Calmly
>Emptily
>And she never answered.
>Tears, golden green tears bubbling in her eyes, she grabbed my arm.
>Wiped her nose on my sleeve (ewww)
>Tugged me along, down the street.
>I don't know why i followed
>That entire day, she pulled me along
>We went for groceries, things she was supposed to pick up.
>A trip back to the house, to the dismay of the aunt. Then out again to the city.
>We strayed towards the districts that hadn't been damaged too badly
>Or were used to a flood or two in their time.
>It was maybe around lunch, that i finally realized
>As she sat me down
>An entirely too serious look on her face, comical in fact.
>Forced me into a high backed chair at one of the few operating cafe's , pointed a single slender finger at me, and demanded

>"STAY!"
>As if i was a puppy, or a trained dog to follow her around town, as she left to go order from the counter.
>That's kinda when i realized she wasn't tugging me along for my sake
>I doubt i even played into this.
>She just needed someone to hold on to.

http://i.imgur.com/RJ9PcOG.jpg
Well that happened.

>That's just the way it worked, the rest of that day she pulled me along.
>There really wasn't much to do, errands mostly
>And i'd pretend it was some fancy mind-changing experience, but it really wasn't
>I was following her around to do pretty boring stuff she had to do anyway.
>Guess she was smiling though
>Mattered to her
>even if i'd just shrugged and not bothered to care.
>At one point i'd been handed her phone.
>My mother, seems to have negotiated some kind of peace treaty between me and the aunt, or something.
>Asked if i could stay with raven, since she was only going to be there for another half week, then we could go home together.
>I told her i didn't care
>She took it as a yes
>Then that was set
>Doesn't matter if i cared or not
>My dad was furious, or maybe he just didn't care
>I didn't really ask
>I just ended up with raven again that night.
>The Grandmother, Uncle, Overjoyed to have me again
>The aunt pretended to smile.
>And Raven really did smile.
>I really don't know what expression i made, but i didn't match them.

>The uncle still put out a mattress for me, but Raven pulled me along into her room.
>That's where we both slept
>She claimed it was "More Comfortable" and nobody seemed to argue this time.
>She leant me a T-shirt and a pair of jeans that were baggy on her anyway, so i kinda just rotated outfits.
>My other travel bag of stuff entirely forgotten at the other home.
>It was mostly those first two days
>Those were the roughest

>I hated her
>I wouldn't let her touch me, or hold my hand until we'd argued and argued
>Fought about nothing and everything, sometimes loud and soft.
>Guess everyone else just ignored us.
>Quabbling like an old couple that couldn't wait for the other to die off.
>Day three, i think i gave up. The mattress no longer left its place in the cupboard.
>Day four the same, as we had plans those days, things to see and places to go before day five.
>Day five was the first time she made me laugh in any kind of substantial way.
>Happy, cheerful.
>I caught myself. Of course
>Couldn't let that go by.
>Stopping in my throat almost as soon as it had started
>But her expression, surprise, and cheer.
>It caught me, along with a shiteating "You just laughed nigga you havin fun don' lie" expression across her cheeks.

>Yeah
>She caught me
>Raven, through simple refusal to let go, and the adamant ability to drag me absolutely everywhere. Had forced her way back into...
>Well
>Not my good side
>But somewhere that mattered
>Into someone i could put up with.
>And i guess, that night, when she kissed me on the cheek.
>And i wrapped my arms around her, for the first time in what felt like years.
>I realized that maybe
>Just maybe she could sew my broken heart back together.
>That next morning
>The morning of our plane ride home.
>I dragged her off, to a shopping district
>One still mostly together, selling fancily overpriced things.
>I dragged her into the first one i saw.
>A jewelry shop.
>Not that i really had that kind of money on me. But i hadn't spent anything
>Not my entire trip, so i had a bit, enough.

>The Clerk knew the drill
>Raven squealed something incomprehensible
>A requirement when entering a jewelry store with someone intending to buy you something, and she zoomed off to drool at the cases.
>She wasn't really a girly girl

>Unless given the chance
>Then she fell prey to the same wonton shiny metal lust that all intelligent birds seem to have.
>Passing from case to case.
>Eyes literally pressed against each one.
>The Clerk, A blonde lady in a prim business outfit, walked up to me and whispered what they'll always ask you if they're any good.
>"How much do you intend to spend?"
>I didn't care if it was a careful ploy to make sure you buy the priciest damn thing you can afford.
>I told her exactly how much i had in my pocket
>And she zipped off
>Did her job perfectly
>Showcasing, explaining, talking up and down every single piece.
>She was exceptional at it, and finally the two women had settled on a ring.
>Coincidentally worth exactly all of my money.
>Silver (probably sterling) with a large blue-green polished piece of turquoise in it.
>Nothing exceptionally fancy, but it was delightful to look at.
>"Was like the two of your eyes swirled together" was i think what the clerk called the color.
>She was very good at her job. Sold.
>It wasn't an important thing
>Not a proposal ring, or an emotional "I love you" object
>If you thought otherwise you've obviously misjudged my current emotions.
>No
>As i told her as we left the store
>"You earned it"
>At the time, i kinda considered it a payment
>A thank you
>Because that was how the last real fight raven and i had, ended.

>Sure we've had others over the years
>Little ones
>About various things
>You can't really avoid those.
>But everything bigger.
>The stomping dramatic fests we'd had in the past.
>Maybe we outgrew them together, or maybe they just didn't fit anymore.
>I ended up back home, Raven and I first thing, i'd demanded we see gadget.
>No offense to my re-found old best friend. But i still was worried sick about my escapism addicted one.
>We ended up at her house.
>I knocked
>Her dad answered
>I got into a fist-fight with her older brother, and lost, him blaming me entirely for her "Condition"

>That ended with screaming, and her dad dragging the older brother off for "Attacking Guests"
>But he got me good
>I bet i deserved it.
>I burst into her room anyway.
>Found her there, sitting on the bed, back against the wall, hood up listening to something.
>Always something.
>But when she saw my ankles, and snapped her eyes upward to see my face.
>Gadget put on the biggest smile
>Brilliantly gleaming, eyes sparkling just a bit
>I was quickly the recipient of the most awkwardly launched flying hug humankind will ever know, and how i remained standing is a mystery physics and medical science are still trying to understand.
>And kisses
>She peppered me with kisses, cheeks, lips, chin, everywhere she could reach while hugging me.
>Until...
>She saw raven... standing in the doorway...

>Gadget always had the best reactions
>This one was no different.
>She entirely stopped, froze mid-kiss, and stepped back.
>Lips almost still puckered, one eye on the doorway and another on me.
>Then those hazel eyes
>Glanced back and forth twice
>And up went her sleeve, and her hand along with it
>Suddenly on my face
>Wiping
>Scrubbing
>She cleaned off every place she'd kissed me in a matter of seconds, lips, cheek, chin.
>Wheeled me around a hundred and eighty degrees to face the onlooker in the doorway, and exclaimed to raven "All new!"
>Then almost submissively, eyes downward once more.
>Gadget shrank away, onto her bed without even a pomf.
>That hurt to watch, to experience. When i realized what it was.
>She'd never really considered me anything but borrowed
>and was just giving me up to raven the second she came back
>The bottom of my heart dropped out, that very moment.
>Maybe it was the entire reason we never really romantically became involved in the first place, gadget and I
>Or maybe she just had a strong sense of loyalty i've yet to see anyone else match.

>I think raven was dumbstruck
>Standing there without a word on her lips, watching as Gadget returned one more time to her

endless distraction of music only she could hear.
>And as my heart shredded itself again, ripped in two as i'd gained one old friend, and lost the one to carry me here.
>I was at that edge
>That cliff
>A terrible choice to make
>And as much as i hated it, as much as i hated everything that had happened.
>There was only one choice on my mind, as i took a step back.

>Raven didn't let me
>Based raven saw my look, my expression, and she interrupted.
>Saving me that destruction i was so willingly ready to fling myself over the edge for.
>Such a simple set of words, that meant so much to everyone there.
>"Gadget..."
>She started
>Quietly, but intent, her words carefully chosen, or spur of the moment.
>With raven you'll never know.
>"I know... i'm interrupting you two..."
>The next statement almost a whisper
>"But... i really miss him"
>I saw both of them
>The expressions.
>Gadget with a subdued nod, a surrender at that ending whisper, and raven with morose disgust with herself.
>Or something else
>At the shock she should feel for breaking this up.
>Breaking me away from my safety net for the last five months, the only friend i had.
>But maybe not
>Maybe it wasn't shock, and it was something else entirely
>Because she had more, Raven kept going.
>A simple question
>"So... could i have your permission to... borrow him sometimes?"
>The oddest question
>One that took me a second
>As gadget nearly teared up, nodding twice.
>Raven had offered me up
>Offered to give me away entirely.
>But not just that
>I realized as i stood there, watching both of them soak everything with tears.
>That it was raven's way of thanking her, in that roundabout way.
>A complete role reversal of the question i'd bet gadget had asked half a year ago.

That's the end of Update #3 anons. The Conclusion of part 1/3 of Sweet Dreams, a story which i know what i'm going to write about for the beginning and end but can't for the life of me figure out which bits i should put in the middle. You'll see Saturday December 6th though. It's a pretty huge time skip forward before we start again. Blog post going up soon.

Update #4 : December 6th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/15049224

>I'm not sure i really understood the sisterhood Raven and Gadget seemed to share.
>They never really seemed to be best friends, Gadget spent all of her time with me, or blondie over the years.
>Raven seemed to choose Me, Blondie, and the meandering couple of other girls that flowed through our lives.
>Ones which i'll never be able to tell a story long enough to talk about.
>Because of the conflicting choices in friends, they were together frequently in one enterprise or another.
>Yet.
>I don't think they were ever alone together, or even talked without one of us around to facilitate the conversation.
>I'd almost say they didn't care, not the least bit about one another. But that seems wrong too.
>They never seemed to fight, or argue.
>Not even once over "Me".
> Which wasn't really a topic they needed to argue about it seems. But in a case where they were really the two women i spent so much of my time with, it was entirely odd to me to never see any jealousy, or even a twinge of worry when i told one that i was hanging out with the other that night.
>To me, that was crazy, because i worried i would do the same thing if i was in their shoes.
>But that might be projecting.
>We were in love.
>Or more correctly, i knew that i loved both of them.

>It would really be unfair to pretend i could know exactly what they were both thinking back then.
>Exactly what each of them felt about me.
>Even if they both told me, anytime i asked.
>It's still a disconnect from believing it.
>Over those initial few months, of Raven and I getting back in one another's good graces, and Gadget's forceful recovery.
>In that silly way, everyone kind of picked the place they wanted to be, and stuck with it.

>I was back to "Dating" raven.
>But not really
>We were done with dating
>It was more of a solid relationship, "Getting Serious" as everyone else would call it.
>But i think honestly we were done with that too.
>There's a bunch of fancy things i could say, fluffy bits and shallow analysis of the situation i could force in here.
>But really the best way to see it, is just look back to when we really first talked about why we had broken up in the first place.
>Hours were spent, going over every little detail, why we refused to see one another like the proud stuck up idiots we were.
>Why that mattered.
>I think she put it best.
>Her, lying on my bed, long past the point of the conversation at which we could bear to look one another in the eyes
>As i sat there, staring off in another direction.

>Her voice, somber and ringing explained it beautifully
>"When i thought about you and... glasses... it hurt"
>"...Talking to you hurt.."
>"...Being with you hurt more..."
>"....and somehow, it hurt less to pretend i didn't care, to ignore you."
>"...Until one day, i think that started hurting more"
>I think that's one of my favorite ways she's told me she loves me.
>As i always say
>Love is giving someone you care about the key to break your heart, and trusting them not to use it.
>She captured that key, and never once did i have to worry about her opening that door.
>Anyway, i'm pretty sure, even back then i had hers too, on a band around my neck.
>Still do.
>In lack of a better term, Raven and I = "Soul Mates"
>Anyway, Eww, fluffy bits.
>Gadget wasn't nearly as complicated

>I never really broke down the emotional wall between us, and because of that i was never really sure what i was to her.
>To me, She ended up as nearly a sister.
>Glued to one another in all matters anything,
>Music, Vidya, just plain company on a saturday night.
>To where i think i ended up giving her a key too, for entirely different reasons.
>I wanted to protect her.
>Gadget came to me, time and time again when she was feeling lonely, bored, had an urge to relapse, or in the rare case

>Was interested in romance, or sometimes. Sex.
>We hadn't broken up our physical relationship right away, but it ended anyway.
>She was always the one who started that kinda thing, i never took initiative with gadget.
>So when she didn't ask anymore, that's where it ended.
>Back to only friends, it didn't hurt me as much as i thought it would.
>Gadget and Raven, even though one of them never really seemed to love me back, were both fighting head over heels for the "Best Friend" title.
>For me, maybe that was perfect.

>As time did its job and inevitably passed, they kinda grabbed one arm each and held on tight.
>It was balancing, they both didn't quietly share opinions or break secrets behind my back.
>The only things even remotely close to that passed through blondie first, and considering she doesn't keep secrets very well, they weren't secrets in the first place.
>It made me realize that what i'd had with Raven, before all the trips and drama, was probably unhealthy.
>Having your romantic partner be the only one you could lean on for support.
>Meant when you fought, or bickered, you had nowhere to go.
>Now i had Gadget, and Raven for when gadget tried me.
>as she sometimes did, with her ridiculous antics.
>For as much as i bugged her about things, she tended to just surprise me with stuff
>Show up one night with two tickets to a concert, or some DJ party for an artist she loved.
>A concert that night
>that i was going to drive her to?
>And also accompany her for?
>I can't even count how many times she pulled that shit
>But it was kinda fun
>Admittedly
>Still got to bitch to raven about it though
>Even if she laughed, and told me that's what i get for doing it the other six times she'd pulled those shenanigans.
>Drop everything and go downtown for the night.
>It was a good thing, we balanced one another out.
>What became messy, real quick. Was Glasses

>Five, Six Months after Raven and I got back together.
>I'd just spent the evening with Raven, dinner (she took ME out, shit was so cash).
>Then we went back to her place, She let me pick the movie (Shit was also so cash)
>And then offered me a blowjob (Goes without saying).
>And then it was right in the middle of wondering why the hell she was being so nice to me.
>Because trust me, as romantic as you want it to seem, nobody
>ever
>Ever does everything all fluffy and nice for you because they "Love you"
>Naw they're hiding something.

>Plus the blowjob gave it away, Even if i did let her.
>Yeah.
>She wanted something, and was buttering me up for it.
>I let her imagine i hadn't caught on,
>Cuddling as normal, under a comfy blanket as we watched,
>till about halfway through the movie i just blurted it out.
>"Alright, what do you want?"
>I think it shocked her, because she kinda jumped
>Even if i was holding on
>As if she was working up the courage to ask, or tell me something and had just been broken out of her resolve.
>So
>Probably really bad
>Right
>I realized it probably involved someone. So just might as well steele my heart and ask
>"Who?"

>It kinda hurt before she said anything, but, not really.
>I was kinda ready for it.
>Cheating, in any kind of relationship, just happens.
>Not that it should really, but humans are really imperfect creatures.
>When you've learned something
>It's because you've made a mistake
>And Alcohol, Parties at our age, hormones and who knows what else. They tend to make mistakes really easy.
>Plus, i guess i'd watched some documentary about a porn actress when i was younger.
>Because i remember the exact words she said, to someone interviewing her after she'd finished on a set.
>They asked her about her husband.
>A man who also worked in the biz.
>And asked how she could possibly love him after knowing how many women he's slept with.
>Guess she musta said something profound, because it stuck with me
>"It's just sex, love is completely different"
>I think it stuck, my opinions on the relationship had been made clear long before this conversation on the couch.
>So she knew i was probably going to take it lighter than most men in my position.
>She was wrong
>She told me "Glasses"

>I just fucking sighed
>So god damn loud
>Again? Without Telling me first?"
>Straight to condescending guilt-inducing accusations.

>My specialty.
>Problem is, you can't win when they've given you the dinner/movie/blowjob treatment.
>"No! No!" She quickly argued against my accusation
>"We haven't done anything!"
>I couldn't be so sure of that.
>Glasses was on her list of friends she saw when i wasn't around.
>I don't know how
>Why
>Or what the fuck happened in the background to make that somehow work.
>But it did.
>I wasn't friends with glasses, and she wasn't on my online list of bros.
>She hadn't earned her way back in to my circle.
>So i was entirely out of that loop, and all i knew was from what raven said (sparingly, she knew i hated the topic) and Blondie's nagging that Raven spent more time with glasses than her now.
>I had my assumptions, buried away. But now they seemed back in full force.
>Even if raven assured me
>100%
>That she hadn't done anything yet.
>I have to ask "What? What is it then?"
>And her answer, by her answer, i quickly realized i was going to lose.
>"She asked me out on a date"

>See the problem was i sighed again
>Not really a relief, because
>Well fuck
>"What are you going to do?"
>That's what i asked next
>Always
>ALWAYS
>the wrong question
>Because she won't tell you
>Her response, typically
>"I don't know"
>A downward look, a sigh, and a defeated pose. Because she's looking for you to tell her what to do.
>And if you tell her to do anything that she doesn't want to do, she's not going to do it and do what she wanted to do all along which she's not going to tell you.
>Really, no escape.
>And i realize this from miles away, the only reason, even if she's trying to hide it.
>That she would do all this tonight for me, was if she wanted me to let her.
>She woulda just told me straight out otherwise
>Rode my wave of angry all the way.
>I asked the necessary questions

>Me: "Is she trying to break us up?"
>R: "No"
>"Is this just her trying to screw with me?"
>R: "No!"
>"You're just going to do it secretly if i say No right?"
>R : "No!!!"
>I shrug
>It's glasses, she's going to get what she wants anyway.
>Remember the road trip?
>Might as well know about it.
>I surrender, and ask her "When?"
>And Raven throws on the most absolutely confused look as my tone changes.
>Surprised probably shitless, that i'd even consider it.
>Frankly, i knew better than fighting a war that would just end up with me at fault...again...

>Quickly proven, by the date she gives me
>"Tuesday... when... you and gadget are going out to her concert"
>Hint:
>This was the first concert gadget had ever officially given me prewarning for.
>spies in my midst confirmed.
>Too late to stop it.
>This would probably be Story #3 if i'd said no.
>Seriously, i could see everything happily ready to crumble at a moments notice
>Again
>So i just said fuck it, told raven "Go ahead, i trust you"
>And nothing exploded
>I think for once i might have not fucked up Glasses' plan.
>As if she knew i would say yes all along.
>Nobody got angry at one another, drama didn't tear into every relationship i had.
>Nothing bad happened.
>Good Ending confirmed.
>Except i did set down some pretty firm rules about it.
>"I don't want to hear anything about what happens"
>and the all important
>"And she better pay for everything"
>Those aside
>Right there, on that couch, i called up Gadget
>Told her in no uncertain terms that i was ready for that "DATE" with her next tuesday.
>You know, trying, just a tiny bit to get revenge.
>Doesn't work
>Raven just laughs
>"That doesn't count, you were already dating her!"
>Good natured... but

>....
>Uh oh
>There it was, the tiniest twinge of jealously, resignation.
>I realized right then and there, that if i'd said no.
>I'd have been a selfish asshole.
>FUCK GLASSES AND HER PLANS.

>I don't know how that managed to work out so well
>The wrong choice being the right one
>But that tuesday i took gadget up to her concert.
>She hadn't really understood what i was implying over the phone, but she was excited anyway.
>Loud, repetitive, and mind numbing electronic musc, was definitely what i wanted.
>Perfect
>But not entirely
>I still felt left out.
>Gadget knew, i told her everything after all.
>So when i kissed her, randomly on the dance floor. Without any provocation from her side.
>The first time i'd initiated anything
>She entirely understood, and reciprocated with fire in her eyes.
>I already had someone on the side.
>And i didn't let her go home alone that night
>Worried at the time that maybe i'd just broken everything
>But hell with it
>Waking up to Gadget crooked in my arm, smiling in her sleep.
>I couldn't have fucked up anything too badly.
>And i didn't
>That's how our silly relationship worked between Raven and I for the next years.

Nightmare and Sweet Dreams are going to be ending on the same night. December 10th Wednesday. Update will be then.

Update #5 : December 10th

https://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/15122530

Anons couldn't keep the threads separate, so they spill over pretty big plot points from nightmare into this thread. Be warned, but if you accidentally read one; Don't worry, not all is what it seems.

>Our lives together, i guess everything started to blur.
>Became moments, instants in which everything changed
>Just a bit
>High school sailed by smoothly
>Glasses, she wormed her way back into my life
>I don't know how, i really don't
>But she was with raven, and raven was with me
>And suddenly we were...
>Well i don't know what we were
>I really didn't become friends with glasses in the flesh, not the way i had before, not until much later.
>Instead i ended up with her through the internet, her Alias "Sparks"
>My Online traveling companion.
>If there was something, we could play together, we did, we completely blew game after game out of the water.
>Probably every single damn korean MMO you can name, anything free to play (they're ALL SHIT) anything on steam sale, hundreds of hours in who knows how many FPS, dungeon crawling, randomized loot building or RPG games.
>I don't know if i ever really carried over the person behind sparks, to the girl in real life.
>Sparks was quiet, let me lead the way, let me make the choices and choose where we were going that night.
>Glasses was the exact opposite. Domineering, always with an influence, a hand in every pot and her best effort to make sure everything went well.
>I knew who it was, but i never really connected them, i didn't believe it.

>She never seemed to date anyone else, only Raven and only occasionally.
>Never saw her parade around men, no rumors of boyfriends or exes i didn't know about.
>Not that i cared really
>It's just that it didn't happen.
>She never got between Raven and I.
>As if that primary relationship, between me and my best childhood friend, always came first.
>Always took priority.
>In the end, i couldn't hate her.
>She'd earned a smile, and my friendship back.
>A hug when she needed it.
>But really that's as far as i could give.
>Raven never left the two of us alone.
>Not again
>Not once.

>Who she did leave me alone with was pretty much everyone else
>Gadget mostly
>If i didn't have a bicycle lock holding me down, she'd pick me up and carry me away for her own nefarious deeds and plans.
>But that's just how gadget worked.
>Follow me quietly around, music and a hood, until she had something to do.
>Then you're following her, and she's going to share the music.
>Gadget changed the most out of all of us
>She really took to the american underground music scenes, the ones that existed anyway.
>Never raves, or clubs, nothing typical, bland and popular around the world.
>No, she'd take us.
>Or i'd take us, and she's the one who set it up; To a quiet party in the middle of nowhere, an abandoned parking lot, a plot of land with only overgrown weeds.
>Three no-name events would play, set up the booth and all ,always people you've never heard of.
>Remixes, original tracks, real artists, not macbook deejays
>Some of it i loved, the D&B scenes, the Trance.
>Some of it i couldn't understand (GOA, ACID, ewww).
>And some of it we both hated (DUBSTEP)
>Some of them ended up as relatively well done names, and most ended up as nothing. Only popular because they mixed real hits into the sets where they played their own.
>It was tough, mostly the scenes themselves.
>Drugs were everywhere, and i did my best to keep gadget as far away from most of them as possible.
>Maybee we tried E a couple more times.
>That ones fun, mostly harmless.
>I mean not really, it's technically terrible for you if you're dancing.
>But we came out alright

>I steered her towards alcohol, because compared to everything else it was reliable
>Safe
>Too many times we ended up drunk, huddled up in the back seat
>That was a rule
>Something she came up with, something that i adhered to by the letter.
>If she had anything, i had it too.
>It kept her out of trouble, and i drank because i wanted her to enjoy herself.
>The back seat was comfy anyway
>You ever woken up after passing out drunk in the back seat of a car, only to find your seatbelt has been on the entire time?
>I did that way too many times to count
>Safety first man
>I have so many stories like that.
>The time we drove an hour out of town, to a mountainside party.

>One of those illegal ones i'm sure, where you just decide on a place, show up with speakers and blare music that nobody can hear for miles.
>Always the weirdest people at those

>Not... bad weird
>But people you'd never meet.
>The women with rainbow dreadlocks.
>Men that probably were the real life embodiment of shaggy from scooby doo.
>Dog included.
>The drug addict in the corner, peddling angel dust, his eyes permanently just a tad too wide.
>It was one of these, One i'd driven us out to.
>The entire ride Gadget clamouring, excited for an artist, one i don't actually remember the name of.
>I'm awful with names.
>But she was so happily anticipating him, i was more than willing
>"I Absolutely love his Music!"..."He's one of the biggest indie artists on the west coast!"
>and
>"Did you know he did <Blah blah> as a remix with <Song name> and <Artist name>"
>I mean i understood what she was talking about back then, i got it.
>But now it's just gone, those segments seem to elude me.
>I'd never seen her fangirl over someone before, so the entire thing was an interesting
>And very quickly painful experience.

>I'd barely parked before she was out of the car.
>Racing across the parking lot to the van the poor guy was in before the show even started.
>Banging on the door.
>I mean i just watched
>He opened up, maybe he was in his 30s, but he definitely didn't expect a teenage brazilian girl to be there.
>I could hear her, leaning against the tailgate of my car.
>Talking up a storm.
>She'd picked up some, awful english conventions, "Umm" and "Like" being two of them.
>Which i'd threatened to force her to give up, because they were awful.
>And she used them wrong.
>"Mister! I'm a big like fan of your music!"
>I almost smiled as i listened to her from across the lot.
>I tried to smile, i really did
>As she got autographs
>A signed t-shirt
>and he invited her in. I didn't interfere, walk over and announce she was my date or anything.
>I just let her do it.
>I wasn't worried about her, not really her safety at all.
>She had a knife tucked under her jacket in a leather holster. I insisted for these kinds of events.

>And trust me, as excited as she was, she was no groupie.
>Didn't stop that twinge of doubt.

>That was the worst music event i've ever been to. Because i was entirely alone.
>I didn't see gadget, not up close all night.
>She left the DJ's van maybe 10 minutes later arm in arm with the guy,
>He bought her a drink, and when she started sipping it i knew i was in for a rough night.
>I was entirely forgotten
>He got her right up on stage with him, some special VIP spots or something.
>She didn't talk to me once, and me, foolish me, i didn't approach.
>I drank whenever she smiled at him, doubly so when he took her under his arm and showed her how the entire disc set worked.
>It was the usual, the "I'm going to impress you" stunt.
>I saw it a mile away, because that's how far felt.
>drank, and drank.
>I wasn't jealous
>That sounds absurd, but i wasn't really jealous the guy was hitting on her and running her through the entire loop.
>That wasn't it, she was smart, she knew what he was doing.
>It just brought forth a real regret, somewhere i'd buried deep away.
>About how i simply couldn't get through to gadget, emotionally.
>That no matter how much she smiled, and tagged along behind me on our adventures.
>I wasn't really anything to her important.
>Just a toy
>I felt left out, as if Raven and Glasses were something real on the side, and what i had here was entirely fake.

>I drank, and threw up, and drank again.
>Stumbled my way back to the car, shoved myself inside on the back seat, and nearly threw up a third time.
>But held it down, fell asleep.
>Woke up to banging
>Two, maybe three hours later.
>I knew who it was, Gadget, outside whining "Let me in! I see you! Stop being sleepy!"
>I almost contemplated not letting her in, but it didn't even make it past the "I'm sleepy and a jerk" stage of my brain
>Just faded away as i unlocked the doors, she yanked them open and tumbled in
>Right on top of me, before lifting up, over and curling up on a back seat.where my head had been a moment before.
>She was drunk
>Plastered, hood wasn't even up, both earbuds dangling at her chest, she curls over and plops her head down in my lap the moment she's seated.

>Worst of all, i can tell she's wearing the guy's t-shirt underneath it all.

>I want to ask, but i don't
>Instead, i'm still buzzed enough to have poor judgement.
>So i just tell her what's on my mind.
>I told gadget outright, in that car, drunk in the darkness and the afterhaze of some ridiculous

trance party in the desert.
>That i loved her
>Fitting
>But gadget... is...
>Well she's her.
>And was drunk, far too drunk at the time.
>Her response was two words
>And a pat on my head
>"I know"
>Then she returned to my lap, head lying across my thigh, and mumbled something about the DJ
>About how she had to leave his van.
>Which, you know
>Seems rude

>Instead of stating this, i take the leap
>Ask why
>and get a gadget-tier response
>Only with her
>"He needed it"
>Then i'm pretty sure she's out like a light.
>One of those candles that never goes out though, because she squirmed, even eyes closed.
>Mumbled some more
>"For his boyfriend..."
>...
>Oddly enough, even learning the guy was gay and just treating her nicely for the night, no easy lay intended.
>IT didn't make me feel any better.
>Because "I know" is not an answer to "I love you"

>So what right
>Complaining about only being loved back by one girl?
>Spoiled? Right?
>I didn't think so.
>That morning, i woke up, and we were both buckled into the same seat belt.
>I don't know if it meant anything, or not

>but she'd done it while i slept.
>Maybe it was always her
>Buckling us in
>Good ol' Gadget.
>Safety first.

>I asked her again, some other time.
>She never gave me a straight answer.
>Never once
>Best i got, was when i asked her why she didn't date anyone
>"Officially"
>A shrug in response
>and one sentence
>"I don't like boys"
>That got me sad, real quick
>The sudden impression that she hated me, or that i was forcing my-
>Gadget, clever gadget, interrupted my self destructive thoughts, with a makeup sentence.
>"You don't count, you're a girl"
>Daww
>That's so sweet
>Well
>Until i asked if she was dating blondie, a response met with "I don't like girls"
>Yeah i gave up on that.

>Blondie worked out...
>Well she didn't change much at all.
>But that's really expected isn't it.
>Gadget tugged me one day, by the sleeve over to Blondie's residence
>Past the maid, who greeted me as mister <my name>
>Past the mother, who rolled her eyes, probably remembering i'm "Gay"
>Dragged me practically up a flight of stairs, even if my legs didn't want to go, then around a the top
>Golden white banisters
>Pristine walls, engraved doorframes.
>Blondie lived in a god damn mansion.
>But, around another corner, and baring through an oak door.
>Pristine clean, always the neatest room of the group, and... it was an absolute mess.
>Clothes, mostly underwear strewn about helplessly like leaves in the wind.
>A girl, lying facedown on the bed. Blonde hair, in a strewn mess of blankets and a half-worn set of pajamas.
>Either sobbing, moping, or forgetting the solution to all her problems is the ceiling and not the floor.
>Gadget dragged me all this way, then stood behind me

>And shoved
>"Fix her!"
>Two words
>But suddenly i'm a girl mechanic and i forgot my socket wrench.
>Broken up with, By another boy
>I'm sure her mother was gloating downstairs, but at 19 you could see how this is just getting morbidly depressing for blondie.
>Everyone you try to date dumping you, you can see the self esteem draining away.
>Looks like in this case, not even gadget could pull her out of it.
>So she brought me
>Likely to make her worse.

>I didn't really have anything i knew...to do in this case.
>Not a damn thing.
>So i did what came naturally
>Sat down along side her on the bed
>Lightly put my hand on her should-
>The second my hand touches her, she freezes
>Then shouts
>"GET AWAY FROM ME"
>I mean she does that before she realizes its me
>turning her head upwards, then meeting my eyes
>A quiet burning hatred.
>Yeah me
>Obviously i change everything right?
>Yep
>She reaches under the pillow
>AND I KNOW

>i KNOW TO DIVE OUT OF THE WAY
>I KNOW ITS A FUCKING KNIFE
>Tactical rolls, dodges, and everything in my power engaged
>I dive under cover, barely below the projectile that sails over my head
>Right where my chest would have been if i hadn't moved.
>Gadget in the distance is hiding behind the wall next to the doorframe
>Cowering in fear.
>and i turn around
>It's not a knife
>But considering its a small pink book embedded cleanly into the wall
>It's probably equivalently dangerous.
>Diaries man, those metal corner protectors.
>Two of those embedded cleanly into drywall
>Terrifying.

>I mean she also kept a diary under her pillow, which is cute as fuck
>But terrifying nonetheless.

>I dodge seven, eight more projectiles of varying lethality before i'm pretty sure she's out.
>Then i return, sit next to her on the bed, and offer condolences for boyfriend funeral #403
>Ends up
>Because who could have guessed
>"I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT FROM SOMEONE WHO'S BROKEN UP WITH ME TWICE"
>Seems to be a pretty valid excuse to not listen to me.
>I'd pretend i had something brilliant to say
>Solved everything with some clever words
>But i never could
>The one who fixed that was Glasses, and believe it not, she introduced Blondie to streaming video games.
>As ridiculous as that sounds, she gave up on boyfriends entirely.
>Instead she pretty much had 100s of people clamouring for her attention at all times.
>Declaring her pretty, treating her nicely.
>It's kinda funny, in my head, a rich girl, a mansion, parents that'll break you to shreds if you even step close.
>And she's famous on the internet for playing video games.
>Maybe you've seen her, maybe not.
>But the next streamer you see with blonde hair, blue eyes, ringing laughter, a blush as red as a fire hydrant and a smile that could brighten entire rooms.
>She'll never tell.
>Just remember, she's no gamer gurl
>She'll kick your ass at everything, specially tales of symphonia.

>That really just leaves me and Raven
>The two most important characters right?
>Or the least important and most important, because i mean nothing
>The stories are about her after all.
>I told you already. We were soulmates.
>But that's really just a simplification.
>College, we both ended up getting into the same one.
>Nothing fancy, but it served our purposes
>Raven went into Chemistry mostly, I went into computer science, Gadget into Engineering and Glasses into some kind of information analytics.
>Honestly, they fit us more or less perfectly, and there was enough overlap we could still have classes together.
>It started out rough, and quickly shined itself on its own.
>An Apartment, Raven and i Moved in together.
>Kinda just because it was convenient, and we knew we would fine as roommates
>But, really?

>I think we were the right age to move in together.
>She thought so
>I thought so.
>Gadget crashed on our couch sometimes, it all worked out.

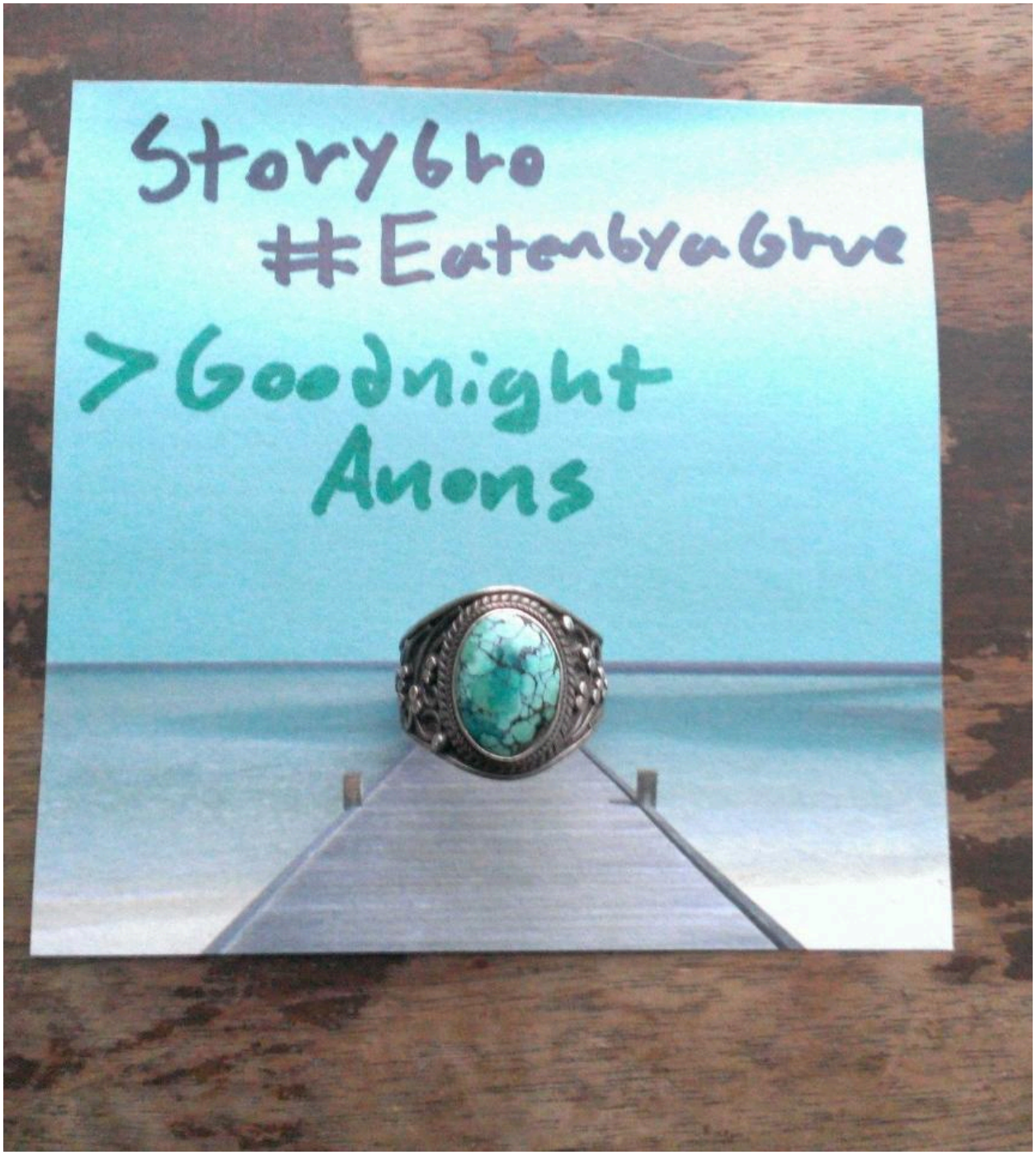
>22 Was when it all changed
>Worse at first
>One day, out of the blue.
>No warning whatsoever, and right in front of Blondie (who freaked out appropriately).
>She asked me a question
>That old question she'd asked before
>"So? Do you think i'm worth living life for now?"
>I'd been madly in love with her for years now
>Living together, sleeping together in the same bed, curled up on the couch studying or watching movies every night
>Of course i said yes.
>Of fucking course.
>And what she said in return, was "Good"
>Raven, knelt down on one knee
>a terrifying instant in which suddenly everything went exceptionally slow motion
>and i'd realized
>right there
>right then in horror
>that I was probably the girl in this relationship.
>Yep
>That was fun.
>She proposed to me.
>She didn't have a ring or anything
>But i mean it's the thought that counts right?
>I did what any real man would
>I said no

>Then i got down on my own knee
>Was about to say something, really i mean i started
>Said her name, and "Will you-"
>Wasn't nearly as awesomely romantic manly as it sounds
>She was kinda...
>Ok she was really mad
>Because she said no and stomped off.
>Before i even finished anything.
>Yeah...
>Yeah....

>I'm an idiot.

>But it's ok!
>Later she came back and got down on her knee again, which you know i just didn't argue with and accepted.
>Maybe there's rules
>Maybe we're both children
>But i love telling people that, we proposed three times, and only accepted once.
>There's more
>Always more
>Like i said, College was rough, but got through it pretty well
>Somewhere down the line, Raven scheduled a doctor visit
>One which i was "Required" to come to
>IT was about babies
>surgery, the like
>Told us straight out what she had was easily solvable, if we wanted.
>Kids, could be in our future as a couple.
>That was a shock honestly
>I'd never really thought about kids, not me
>Not me having kids.
>Not us.
>Not Raven, and I.
>Other than that? Life's pretty much great for us.
>Except for Rent
>Rent is Atrocious.

>There's not really much else to say.
>The little stories are what matter, and i really don't have time for those
>But i've tried to give you the best ones
>The most important ones, so you knew how it all got here.
>How our lives turned out, after the road trip, the sleepover.
>How a male growing up with all women.
>A female best friend from the age of 8.
>How it all comes out.
>Raven, Myself, Gadget, Glasses, Blondie
>Really the only survivors of the group, the ones together until the end.
>But it's always the steps in between that take us there.
>The important things we have to hold onto
>Because without them
>Life isn't worth living.



*Because as always, the password is "*******aGrue"*